

The World

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A DAILY HINT FROM McDUGALL.



A head of May that is becoming irksome.

CALL WHALEN TO A HALT.

SUCH a conflict as that now in progress between Comptroller Coler and Corporation Counsel Whalen should be impossible. Its existence exposes one of the loose places in the city charter.

Comptroller Coler, being unselected of, cannot directly responsible to the people, has the right of public opinion with him. He should have no trouble in getting his case quickly before a competent court.

Meanwhile, on the chance that Mr. Coler is right and the city is being wronged by the Hase and Wagon men, the Corporation Counsel should, if he will not step out of common decency, be compelled by information to cease going ahead with his unscrupulousness of claims.

NOW SQUEEZE THE SQUEEZERS.

TURN about is fair play, which is another name for justice.

The Sugar Trust magnates have had their little fun out of the market and accepted \$14,000,000 as a slight token of the public inability to do anything about it. As a wind-up 1,400 ordinary men are out of work, while their families are out of food and some of them out of home.

It has been a merry, merry squeeze. Only one thing is lacking to its completeness. That is a pretty good squeeze for the squeezers—the pressure on hard and fast and for keeps. It is not too much to ask within the law.

WITH BUT A SINGLE FAITH.

GOD reigns and the Government at Washington still lives!" cried Garfield on the assassination of Lincoln.

"Whatever happens, the Lord still reigns," says President Kruger, facing the threatened assassination of Freehof in South Africa.

One faith for the great nation and the little one. But what diversity of faith! How does our living Government well to stand without a word of friendly intervention while a Republic of related hopes and the same trust perishes from the earth?

BARBARIANS IN NEW JERSEY.

BRUTALITY, like murder, will out. The enormity of the offenses against humanity committed at the New Jersey State Industrial School for Girls, at Trenton, were for a long time concealed and for a while covered by something like condoning. But now the curtain is up to stay and the revelations are almost past belief.

It is unfortunate that the maximum punishment provided by law for the brutal offenders will so little approach in severity the treatment accorded to suffering inmates of the school.

A civilized State must always be kinder to its barbarous criminals than are they to their victims.

NO BLUSH IN BEGGARY.

BAD news gets credit for travelling ever so fast, but there are those who would pick the omnipresent beggar as a dangerous rival in speed.

Let a Carnegie hint at giving away his fortune and he has openings for every dollar within twenty-four hours. Let a Helen Gould charity be noted in print and the mendicant army is on the attack before sundown. Let the nation subscribe to a fund for the widow of a hero General like Lawton and the begging-letter writers are checking the mails before the money is in.

In decency there ought to be a limit to this shameless blackmailing. Even beggary should sometimes be redeemed by a blush.

GRATITUDE FOR DUTY-DOING.

GORD SALISBURY feels grateful to the British Ambassador at Washington for "consenting to continue to perform his duties at a very critical time."

The United States is also glad that Lord Salisbury is to remain.

It is the quoted reason for Salisbury's gratitude to a man useful if not in attending to his own business, but in attending to the business of the United States. Are men of things so scarce in public life that we should be specially thanked, as for doing their duty?

WOMEN AND CLUB LIFE.

By Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, Wife of the Famous Humorist.



MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Club life for women at the present time is an evolution, and one that has not reached its highest type. Ten years ago it was represented by "self-culture," then came culture of self through culture of neighbor, then followed, on a still higher plane, culture through service. We were at one time in danger of preventing the saddest of all pictures—club women whose intellects were being cultivated, strengthened, enriched at the expense of the heart. Life cannot long continue if head and heart war against each other.

Club life, like home life, should be the centre, but not the limit of activity, and though I mention club first and home last, I by no means so rate them in order of importance. My creed in all woman's work is this: That no work, club work or other interest, should be undertaken that does not emanate from the home, and in its very best results return to the home, and be always secondary to the home.

The Ideal Mother.
The comfortable woman is the ideal mother. She has no nerves to be racked by the sound of laughing little voices and stamping little feet running through the halls. She is never too busy to listen to childish stories, and knows just how to sympathize, instead of condemn, when Tom comes home with a black eye that he got whipping that bully, Jack Jones, because he was torturing a sick kitten. You never hear of her children begging to go over to Mrs. Smith's to play because "two always have such good times there." Instead, her back yard is the rallying point for the neighborhood, and if sometimes she is oppressed by a little she smiles, thinking that at least she knows what her children are doing when they are out of school.

NEW PARIS FROCKS.



For the moment velvet frocks are the particular fashion in Paris, and velvet seems the most honored fabric at weddings and day functions of the season. An evening gown of black velvet that has sleeves formed by a tullework of chenille, studied where the knots occur with pearls, is here illustrated. The other illustration is of a pretty frock with Chantilly or tullework, or any of the less expensive net laces mounted over a skirt of cream chiffon or acrochane. The special feature, of course, is the arrangement of the two lace scarfs down the front. These may be made from ordinary lace or from insertion. Rather a charming variation of this might be the using of fine black lace scarfs on a white lace frock, or, on the other hand, of using white lace scarfs on a black lace edition of the gown—black lace over white chiffon, of course.

BIRTHDAY LUCK.

For March 9.

If you were born on March 9 this is the meaning of the day for you:
It is somewhat favorable, but postpone journeys and guard your health. Both good and evil are the harbingers of the year to come. You will be in active surroundings, with changes in your home, social and business affairs. Be guarded at all times in matters of sickness. It would not be surprising if a bereavement entered your circle. Copyrighted by the Sphinx Magazine, Boston.

Three Thoughts by the Way.
The easiest of all languages to learn is the language of love.
The man who goes with the crowd must not be surprised if he gets pushed to the wall.
The girl who has a young man coming to see her regularly soon has a lean on his heart.

FOUR NOVEL WAYS OF COOKING THE HUMBLE BUT TOOTHsome POTATO.

Potato Cream Soup.

BOIL some real bones, a knuckle bone of ham and a bunch of vegetables in three quarts of water until reduced to about half. Chop an onion finely and add to the stock. Peel and boil three large potatoes, and when cooked mash them, mixing in gradually one breakfastful of cream or cream and milk. Mix the potato cream with the stock; strain it through a colander into a soup tureen, season with salt, pepper and one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley.

IS MUSIC ONLY A FAD.

By David Bispham, Baritone, in Harper's Bazar.



DAVID BISPHAM.

As Karwenal in "Tristan and Isolde."

THE public's love for music is far stronger than any momentary fashion, and its cultivation is so widespread—would that it might really be called serious; but that will come—beyond a doubt operatic music, in which the orchestral and vocal are combined in the highest degree, has come to be a necessity the world over—a necessity before which any fad is bound to go to the wall. Were not music a pursuit worthy the serious attention of the educated there might be some reason to believe in the existence of a fad; but the sense of the great community is against such a supposition, notwithstanding the fact of boredom on the part of a few. All honor to these few, who, though not musical, are sufficiently public-spirited to subscribe to the opera and sit it out bravely, and do their best for the institution they have helped to build up and maintain.

The cases are happily rare when at the matinee the weary matter families rise at the end of the second act of "Carmen," remarking to their enthusiastic daughters, "Come, girls, you must go now; you have seen them all!"—a fact, or, as was heard in Chicago, "Well, George, you have been to the opera every night; are you learning something about music?" "Oh, yes," replied the observant George, "I know it's 'Lohengrin' when the goose comes on!"

Are we to be led to suppose that these sentiments are general or that the owner of that lovely head has no finer sentiment within it than regard for her next neighbor's opinion of her clothes?

NO PAUPER ART IN OURS.

(A painting by Peter Paul Rubens is detained at the Customs-House. It is valued at 10,000 guineas, and the Government seeks \$12,000 protective duty.)

Now artists all, both great and small, Beside and about homesteads; Fill to the brim the loving cups And light up your Havanas.

For Uncle Sam protects you now, And all the works you've painted, Mike Angelo and Rubens, too, Must elsewhere get acquainted. That pauper talent from abroad, Shant! come without objection; The guinea's stamp in rage shall be A mark for rank protection.

C. B. CULVER.

Comforts from Afar.

An officer of one of the Highland regiments has written home from South Africa for a sleeping-bag and also requested that a clean shirt be sent him once a week, as it was impossible to get anything washed.

DUMB CREATURES ATTAIN DISTINCTION.

A Foolish Monkey.



A monkey can climb a water pipe all right, but he can't manage an icicle. This was demonstrated recently when a pet Simian forsook the ledge of his mistress's window for one of several big icicles that hung from the roof of the house.

Soon the ice, warmed by the monkey's body, began to melt, and the long-tailed creature found it very difficult to cling on.

A crowd of men and boys on the other side of the street waited for the animal to drop to his death. He was slipping surely to a tragic ending when he managed to wind his tail around an icicle that had been least affected. Then some one hurried for a fire ladder and rescued the "monkey."

THIS IS WHERE THE LAUGH COMES IN.

THE CHIVALROUS FRUIT VENDER.



Young Lady—Oh, dear, how it is raining—and I have no umbrella.



Fruit Vender—That can be easily remedied. With your kind permission I shall escort you home!

SO IS THE JOKE.



"Shut up, nigger, or I'll break you head."

"Dis is too had a nut for you ter crack."

THOSE LOVING GIRLS.

Hattie—I'm invited to the Upperton's ball next week, but I really don't know what to wear. What would you wear if you had my complexion?

Ella—The thickest veil I could find.

OR WAS SHE LATE?

Wife—I had to discharge the cook to-day.

Husband—What for?

Wife—Oh, she got too tender-hearted to do her work properly.

Husband—Is it possible?

Wife—Yes; only this morning she refused to beat the eggs or whip the cream.

ALL READY.

He—I understand you are going to be married.

She—I certainly expect to.

He—When, may I ask?

She—You may ask now, if you really care for me.

DIFFERENT.

"Kiss and let's make up," pleaded the handsome hero.

No," responded the fair heroine, "I think we'd better make up and then kiss. Time is limited behind the scenes."

WILLING.

Merchant—No, I tell you, I have absolutely nothing for you to do.

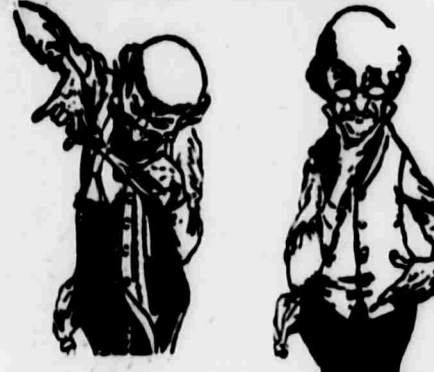
Applicant—Well, I'd be willing to do that, on salary.

he, "the tailor, has sewed one button too many on my vest!"

He takes off the coat and cuts off the superfluous button, and in putting

the vest on again he buttons it properly. "Well, I declare, if he hasn't made one buttonhole too many too!"

AN ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.



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the vest on again he buttons it properly. "Well, I declare, if he hasn't made one buttonhole too many too!"

"Can you love a man who is old?"

"Yes, if he has also one more letter to add to that."

"Another letter?"

"O, dear, to make old gold."

"I should like to walk out on that golden water," he said. "It seems as if it might bear one up, does it not?"

"It will bear up any one whose heart is light," she smiled. "But, mind you, it must have no care at all. It must be as light as ether."

"Would it bear you up?" he asked.

She shook her head mournfully, and he said in a voice that moved her: "And I would sink like a stone."

She felt sure she would meet the stranger again in the woods, and she did, many times. He was a poet. The city had worn on him. He had come for a long rest there among the pines. His name was Cecil Underwood.

One wild night, when the wind cried through the trees and the waters lashed along as if in stress of pain, Cecil Underwood came to her in an imperative mood.

"Let us take a boat," said Barbara, when they had reached the river.

"Come," she said. He hesitated, but followed. As the little boat felt the lift of the waves the pain in her heart seemed to lighten, and she let the current carry her along, unconscious of the passage of time. Suddenly Cecil cried out:

"The rapids, Barbara! The rapids! See where you have taken us!" She glanced behind her. It was too late. The white mane of the water horses was not more than half a mile away, and the boat was quivering in the pull of their great power. She set her fine young strength to a resistance, rowing up stream and inclining the boat toward the southern shore.

Then, looking at him, she saw his face was corpse-white and quivering with fear, and the next moment he sank, an inert heap, at the bottom of the boat.

Barbara bent to her task and made a little heap. But the wild river horses plunged on and dragged her at their heels. She was almost on the verge of yielding when a boat shot out from the bank. It came toward her with magnificent momentum. Barbara recognized the occupant at once. It was George Caston. A moment later a line was thrown to her. She made it secure. Then she to her boat and George Caston in his began a struggle against the powers of the river, in which they soon conquered.

George helped the trembling Cecil to shore, but Barbara leaped lightly to land and stood there, smiling strangely.

"I am thankful that I owe my life to you, George," she said.

She held out her hand to the other man.

"Good-by," she whispered.

"Pity me! Pity me!" he cried.

"I do," she responded. "Good-by."

He went slowly under the pines, walking feebly, like a man who is old and ill. George looked after him with commiserating eyes, but Barbara was radiant.

"Give me your arm," she said, with tender gentleness. "We will walk home together, George."

"I should like to walk out on that golden water," he said. "It seems as if it might bear one up, does it not?"

"It will bear up any one whose heart is light," she smiled. "But, mind you, it must have no care at all. It must be as light as ether."

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